

The Dessert

TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 4.

MONDAY, JULY 22, 1799.

VOL. II.

COLVILLE.

A WEST INDIAN TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

ON their arrival in London, after having equipped William with all the outward habiliments of woe for the loss of a mother, Mr Hale commenced his enquiries concerning the departure of a vessel for Barbadoes. A ship, bound for Grenada, but which was to touch at Barbadoes, was to sail in ten days, from Gravesend. Mr. Hale immediately waited on her commander, and arranged the terms for William's embarkation. William had, while at Eton, made a very pretty collection of the most approved authors; this library, Mr. Hale, with his wonted generosity, considerably improved by an addition of the most select works, classical and historical. This food for the mind, he knew, from the goodness of William's understanding, would be well digested.

The day of departure now approached; and William, accompanied by Mr. Hale, with a heavy heart, set off for Gravesend. Every arrangement was made for his comfort and satisfaction during the voyage. Mr. Hale, having now punctually fulfilled Mr. Colville's wishes, bid adieu to his darling William. The feelings of each were agitated to the extreme. Mr. Hale was parting with one, whom he loved as a son: William was taking leave of a man, whom he regarded as a second parent.

Leave we William to his meditations on the briny ocean, and return to Mr. Colville: he, poor man, had not as yet dispelled from his brow that melancholy gloom, the result of his late misfortunes. Though Mr. Boothby's friendship had in some measure alleviated, it by no means had effaced the bitter remembrance. The hand of Time could alone administer balm to his wounded spirit. The few effects that had been saved from the wreck of his property, were now faithfully deposited in one of Mr. Boothby's storehouses. There remained a very considerable point to be settled—Mr. Colville's negroes were yet very numerous. The point was this—to keep them, or dispose of them? Mr. Colville yet turned an eye to the hopes of once more trying the cultivation of his plantation: the soil was excellent—affiduity might in some little time restore it to its pristine fertility—a small house might be erected, works, mills might be established. In this case his negroes were absolutely necessary. But this was the wild theory of a moment:—where were the sums requisite for the accomplishment of this project? The mere erection of a boiling house would have drained Colville's purse to the last shilling. To his friend he flew for advice, to him disclosed every wish, every anxiety of his

heart. Boothby heard, and was silent: he was enveloped in the cloud of momentary reflection. At length, with a deep air of important communication, he thus addressed Colville: " You must, my friend, be well convinced, from my actions towards you, that the promotion of your interest sis very closely to my heart. We have, Colville, been friends from our earlier years: we have advanced together, from the age of inexperience to that of maturity: the bond of cordiality and attachment has invariably united us. In your late calamity, I felt for you, as for a brother. Concerning your future plans in life I know not what to say: the extreme narrowness of your present circumstances seems to bar the success of your operations." For some moments he was silent; wiped a tear, and proceeded:—" But there is a path yet open. I must now, Colville, speak to you as a father. From the first moment of my seeing your amiable daughter at Colville-Hall I admired her. Owing to your late misfortune, I have been able, under my own roof, more nicely to investigate the beauties of her person and the accomplishments of her mind: they each answer my most ardent expectations. It, then the heart of your Louisa should as yet be free, grant me your leave to be a candidate for the acquisition of it. My fortune is considerable: to the promotion of your's and your family's welfare and interest will it be entirely devoted."

" Too generous man!" exclaimed Colville, " This is but a fresh instance of the warmth of your friendship—yes, she shall be your's; Louisa cannot but love you; your attention to her father and herself must long since have gained her heart." Colville left his friend with a heart overflowing with gratitude. The prospect of such an event had never entered his imagination—the ray of satisfaction beamed over his countenance—there was now a hope of restoring his family to their original independence.

Colville immediately imparted to Louisa, Boothby's generous offer; but at the same time declared, that not the wealth of an eastern Monarch should induce him to force her inclinations, " If, my dear child, a prior attachment, though without your father's knowledge, has crept into your heart, frankly disclose it; for believe me, my dear Louisa, the promotion of your happiness will be the insurance of mine."

Louisa, faltering with all the reserve of bashfulness, thus replied:—" Thou best and most indulgent of parents, trust me the dictates of my duty would ever have induced me to disclose to you the utmost yearnings of my heart, a heart as yet unacquainted with the throbings of a tender passion. Mr. Boothby's kind offer has stamped upon my mind the most lively impression of gratitude, which gratitude, I am convinced, in consonance to your wishes, will soon ripen into love. You see before you a daughter, the ut-

most extent of whose wishes will ever center in the advancement of your felicity." Colville pressed his daughter to his bosom with all the transports of parental ardour. But dreadful is a state of suspense—Boothby must be acquainted with Louisa's sentiments—Colville flew to him with the account, and imparted to him her ready acquiescence to his wishes. The time was now to be fixed upon—an early period Boothby wished: Colville approved, and Louisa consented. The preparations for so happy an event now commenced; Boothby employed himself in arranging the different domestic concerns. William's arrival the day before that fixed for the nuptials did not a little augment the happiness of the family. He was now in his eighteenth year. To a fine figure was added a most engaging address. Colville beheld in him all his sanguine hopes had formed. If Colville's satisfaction was great, William's was equally so; the apparent happiness of his father, and the prospect of Louisa's union with Boothby, served to increase it. William found himself in the house of joy, instead of the house of mourning. It is not to be inferred from hence, that the bitter recollection of past events was entirely effaced from Colville's mind—no—far from it; but he began to inspect worldly events with a philosophic eye. No effusion of tears could serve to recall his departed wife from the arms of death, no continuation of grief could replace Colville Hall on its original foundation. He submitted to the stroke of Fate with becoming humility; but was unwilling to imbarter the serenity of the present moment with the too frequent recollection of past events. The poignancy of his feelings was confined to his own breast.

Every arrangement necessary for the ensuing nuptials was now completed, and Louisa exchanged the name of Colville for that of Boothby. A small party of select friends assisted at the ceremony—joy and satisfaction appeared in every countenance. Well might Colville exclaim,

" O happy they! the happiest of their kind! Whom gentle stars unite, and, in one fate, Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend. 'Tis not the coarser tie human of laws, Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind, That binds their peace; but harmony itself, Attuning all their passions into love; Where friendship full exerts her softest power— Perfect esteem, enliv'd by desire, Incorruptible, and sympathy of soul— Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will— With boundless confidence: for nought but love Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

Some little time was now entirely devoted to mirth and festivity. Balls and concerts served, if possible, to enliven the gaiety of the present moment. The most cordial congratulations were received from their friends on this happy

occurrence. Louisa saw herself mistress of every comfort that could seem to insure happiness—a much beloved husband, with an affectionate father and brother, vying with each other for the promotion of her felicity.

Some months had elapsed from the time of their marriage, and Boothby now thought of striking out some plan for the advancement of Colville's favorite scheme. Colville was particularly anxious, since William's return, to fix upon some mode of proceeding. A life of indolence was but ill calculated for Colville's active disposition.—Boothby saw the eager impatience of his friend, and, with a generosity perfectly consistent with all his former friendly actions towards him, offered to advance him a sum adequate to the prosecution of his favorite plan. Colville embraced the opportunity with avidity, and under the auspices of his friend, once more commenced planter. The erection of huts for his negroes was immediately fixed upon; orders were sent to England for coppers and the different implements requisite on a plantation. Colville, accompanied by William, constantly superintended the different workmen employed on the estate, encouraging them to their utmost exertions. Every effort was used for the speedy accomplishment of his designs.

Colville still continued his residence with Mr. Boothby, not having as yet a house of his own. Though his estate was situated at so considerable a distance from Bridgetown, yet such was his impatience and anxiety, that he would frequently ride there in the morning, and return in the course of the day. Mrs. Boothby was entirely wrapt up in her domestic concerns, making her husband's happiness her chief study.

[To be concluded in our next.]

IVAR AND MATILDA.

A TRADITIONAL TALE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

IN the thirteenth century, Ivar, a young and gallant knight, was enamoured of the beauteous Matilda. Her birth and fortune were inferior; but his generous mind disdained such distinctions. He loved, and was most ardently beloved. The favour of the king was alone wanting to consummate their happiness. To obtain this, Ivar, in obedience to the custom of the island, presented his bride to Reginald, a gay and amorous prince; who, struck with the beauty and innocence of Matilda, heightened by an air of modesty, immediately, for some pretended crimes, banished Ivar from his presence, and by violence detained the virgin. Grief and indignation alternately swelled her bosom; till, from the excess anguish, she sunk into a state of insensibility. On awakening, her virtue was insulted by the approaches of the tyrant. She was, however, deaf to his insinuations, and only smiled at his menaces. Irritated at her contempt, and flattering himself that severity would subdue her truth and chastity, he imprisoned her in the most solitary apartment of the castle; where, for some months, she passed the tedious night and day in tears; far more solicitous for the fate of Ivar, than affected by her own misfortunes.

In the mean time, Ivar, failing in an attempt to revenge his injuries assumed the monastic habit, and retired into Rushen Abbey. Here he dedicated his life to piety; but his heart was still devoted to Matilda. For her he sighed; for her wept; and, to indulge his sorrows without restraint, would frequently withdraw into the gloomiest solitude. In one of those solitary rambles he discovered a grotto, which had been long unvisited. The gloom and silence of this retirement corresponding with the anguish of his mind, he sauntered onward, without reflecting where the subterraneous path might conduct him. His imagination was pourtraying the grace of Matilda, while his heart was bleeding for her sufferings. Awakened from this reverie of woe, he heard in a voice nearly exhausted—"Mother of God! save Matilda!" while, through a chink in the barrier that now separated them, he saw the virgin, with dishevelled hair and throbbing bosom, about to be sacrificed to the lust and violence of Reginald. Rage and madness gave new energy to Ivar; who, forcing a passage through the barrier, rushed upon the tyrant; and, seizing his sword, which lay carelessly on the table, plunged it into its master's bosom.

The tyrant died; and the lovers, through this subterraneous communication, escaped to the sea-side, where they fortunately met with a boat which conveyed them to Ireland: and in that kingdom the remainder of their years was devoted to the most exquisite of all human felicities; the raptures of a generous love, heightened by mutual admiration and gratitude.

This is the substance of the tradition; but according to some of the Monk's records, Reginald was slain by Ivar, not in the castle of Rushen, but in a neighbouring meadow. This variation of the scene, however, does not materially affect the credit of the tradition; as the Monks' historians impute Reginald's death, not so much to Ivar's ambition, as to his revenge of private injuries.

TRUE MEEKNESS.

MEEKNESS, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. She who hears innocence maligned without vindicating it—falsehood asserted without contradicting it,—or religion profaned without resenting it, is not gentle, but wicked.

Meekness is imperfect, if it be not both active and passive; if it will not enable us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently the passion and resentments of others. If it were only for mere human reasons, it would turn to a profitable account to be patient; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like the spirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking.

True gentleness, like an impenetrable armor, repels the most pointed shafts of malice: they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but either fall hurtless to the ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them.

A meek spirit will not look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home; yet, by a sort of divine alchemy it will convert all external events to its own profit; and be able to deduce some good, even from the most unpromising: it will extract comfort and satisfaction, from the most barren circumstance; "it will suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Meekness may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obstruction, and smooths every difficulty that might impede their entrance, or retard their progress. Honours and dignities are transient;—beauty and riches frail and fugacious;—but this amiable virtue, is permanent. And surely the wife would wish to have some one possession, which they might call their own in the severest exigencies. This can only be accomplished by acquiring and maintaining that calm and absolute self-possession, which, as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

CONTEMPLATION.

TO contemplate the Creator of heaven and earth in the magnificence of his works, enlarges and elevates the soul—lifts it above the impertinence of vulgar cares, and gives it a kind of heavenly pre-existence. To consider the benevolent purposes for which he called forth this variety and multitude of being, that comes under our cognizance, must be a perpetual source of comfort. A rational creature, that is conscious of deriving its existence from a being of infinite goodness and power, cannot properly entertain any prospect but of happiness. By the imperfection of its nature it may fall into temporary evils, but these cannot justly be the subject of complaint, when we reflect that this very imperfection was necessary to a probatory life, and that without it, there could neither have been virtue, nor the rewards of virtue. Every degree of excellence depends upon comparison. Were there no deformity in the world, we should have no distinct ideas of vice, there would be no such thing as virtue; and were the life of a man exempt from misery, happiness would be a term of which he could not know the meaning.

ON ENTHUSIASM OF CHARACTER.

THE shades of human character are so numerous and the advantages resulting from an extensive acquaintance with them, of so much importance, that few subjects, perhaps, are more worthy of attention or speculation; and it would be a task of the highest advantage to society, could we trace the source and causes of the diversities, and point out the particular advantages resulting from each. By the former of these, we should, in some degree, be enabled to train the mind to the fashion most amiable and really advantageous; by the latter, we should have the opportunity of directing to their proper objects of pursuit the passions and dispositions as they are displayed before us.

The Dessert.

MONDAY, JULY 22.

THE LIMNER.

The female, who studies her glass, neglects her heart.

LAVATER.

IN the earlier ages of the world, before the progress of civilization had enabled man to institute manufactories, the Sex must have been hardly at a loss for looking glasses. And how extreme must have been the distress which female vanity experienced, in not being provided with this necessary article of self-admiration. It cannot however but be supposed, that the fair would rack invention and torture ingenuity to find some substitute for this indispensable piece of *toilet*: And MILTON informs us, in his fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, that Eve, the very first thing she did after she had waked into existence, ran to a *looking glass*, and admired herself.

— In the clear

“ Smooch take, this to her seemed another sky.” And Mr. ADDISON quaintly infers, that it is probable she would have continued there till now had she not been called off to look at — man. Had Eve now been going to a Boston assembly, or to visit my Lord CHESTERFIELD, or a French ambassador, it would have been requisite to have dressed a little *tonish*, and a glass might perhaps have been allowed her: But here, this plea could not be admitted—for the only assembly-room they had was of too *airy* a construction to render any other than a genteel address becoming;—her most modish acquaintance were but monkeys and peacocks; and the very utmost distinction the penuriousness of fashion could afford was a *fig leaf* petticoat.

It is well for mankind in general, that vanity bears so great a preponderance in the scale of our foibles. For how would one half the industrious part of society procure their subsistence, were luxury, pride, and extravagance excluded from the disposition of man—were he to desire no more than were sufficient to satisfy the wants of his nature. But he can now scarce take a meal, without exhausting the luxuriant produce of the Indies; and the banks of the world must lend the reflective aid of a glass, to fit a female to pin on her night-cap.

If the fair could be but persuaded to study Mrs. WOOLSTONECRAFT instead of OVID's Art of Love, and to read EUCLID and THOMAS AQUINAS, “ ANTHROPOSOPHUS FLOUD, and JACOB THMEN” instead of the degenerated novelists of the present day, (not to insist upon breaking their looking glasses least they break their hearts in them) those Heathen levities, such as pride, vanity, and scorn—*polite criticism* I mean, might perhaps be quelled by the magic of exorcism, or the incantation of barbarous terms. But alas!—at they should ever doat on their foibles when minded on vanity, and like their mother Eve ever gain a hankering after *four things*, expressly because they are *forbidden*. But such light foibles as these, as they are interwoven with their natures, cannot be ranked as errors: for in ‘Heaven’s last work’ could there be *any* imperfection? Dr. JOHNSON observes that “ woman’s first task is to be thought handsome, and the readiest

way of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty.” If the learned CYNIC’s observation be founded on truth, we are reduced to the necessity of believing, that the only effectual mode of conveying instruction is by flattering their vanity. But this idea I disclaim, conscious that there is too much good sense in the fair, to justify the expedience of resorting to so pitiful an attempt; and it will be sufficient if we inform the reader that the Doc^t was at swords points with my Lord CHESTERFIELD.

Ye gay and thoughtless Coquettes, whom youth and health, and pleasure conspire to animate and delude, who range through the giddy maze of fashion unassailed by the sad torments of reflection, or the pangs of neglect,—know at least, that the “ silent celerity of time” imperceptibly impels you toward the dismal precincts of age; and what female on earth can endure the dreadful idea of losing the sweets of admiration with the decline of her charms? Can ELISSETTA, the pert miss of fifteen, who has just begun to sigh, for her heart knows not what, and flutter instinctively at the sight of a beau, who with eager step paces the Mall to catch the novel incense of admiration, the sweet tribute of a gaze;—can she reflect upon the past without remorse, while she looks forward to the future without anxiety? In her prime, she destroys the only stable foundation of respect she would fain erect, in her age. But when blest with the lavished graces of nature, she slighted the benefactions of Wisdom; ‘tis only from the loss of transient charms, she is taught the lasting value of the boon she has despised.

It is in the mirror of mental *reflection*, that the most durable pleasure is to be derived from contemplation. There will it appear, that the most ordinary features gain charms in proportion as they are expressive of the sympathetic affections; and that the fairest never appear more amiable, than when animated with the glow of benevolence, or more lovely, than when crimsoned by the blush of modesty. Yet feeble indeed are exterior attractions, if the graces of the interior bear not a correspondent charm. Brief are the triumphs of beauty, unaided by the magic talisman of mental perfection. What, in itself, is Beauty? Even as a bubble;—shaken by the breath of disease, destroyed by the blast of death. Quick passes the transitory pride. But a few revolving years, and the grovelling worm shall banquet on the rich repast, shall feast luxurious on the spoils of pride, and reign the solitary monarch of those charms which once vanquished the hearts of kings.

“ Beauty! thou pretty plaything—dear deceit, That steals so softly o’er the stripling’s heart, And gives it a new pulse unknown before, The Grave discredits thee—thy charms expunged, Thy roses faded, and thy lillies soiled, What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers flock round thee them to gaze and do thee homage?—

Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid. Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll’d, Riots unscared—For this was all thy caution? For this thy painful labours at the glass? To improve those charms, and keep them in repair For which the *Spiller* thanks thee not. Foul feeder!

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well, And leave as keen a relish on the sense.” C.

TO HEALTH.

HEALTH, rosy nymph, the pleasing bower
Of happiness thou canst bestow—
Without thee, life’s best journey soon
Becomes a pilgrimage of woe.

Shunning the palace, didst thou dwell
With Slavery in his gloomy cell,
More blest the captive in the mine,
Than he for whom the metals shine.

But no—thy haunt cannot be there
Th’ abode of pining misery,
Where the sad bosom of despair
Heaves with un pity’d agony—

Nor, ‘ wanton, dost thou love to sport,
In pleasure’s gay delusive court—
Over the gem-imbossed vase,
To smile in Bacchus’ ruddy face.

Thou fly’st th’ intoxicating bowl,
Fountain of madness and disease,
Whose wild and abie, ate controul,
The vanquish’d reason sways.

Thou shun’st the fragrant myrtle groves,
Which the Paphian Venus loves—
Where, while Pan pipes a roundelay,
Th’ unblushing nymphs and satyrs play,

Ah, modest Health, from scenes like these,
Thou turn’st thy steps aside, to haste
And catch the balmy morning breeze,
Its spirits-giving breath to taste;

Where bath’d in view some valley lies,
Or up a mountain’s woody rift—
Whence stretching to the eastern sky,
Bright rural prospects greet the eye.

Here, a deep forest widely spread,
Its variegated foliage shows,—
There, rolling thro’ a flowery mead,
With rapid course, a river flows

On to the sea—where meets the view
Thro’ opening hills its bosom blue,
Save when a white-sail flies the gale before,
Or a wave breaks upon the rocky shore.

And as thou dart’st thy looks around,
O’er the lively landscape smiling,
More blythe the ploughman’s carols sound,
His tedious furrow’d way beguiling—

More sweet the birds their songs renew,—
More fresh each blooming flowret’s hue—
From every valley springs, without alloy,
A general cheerfulness—a burst of joy.

A PRUDENT CHOICE.

WHEN Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
“ I chose her,” says he, “ like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.”



ELEGY,

Written to dissuade a Young Lady from frequenting the Tomb of her deceased Lover.

NOW, thro' the dusky air, on leaden wings,
Sails the sad night, in blackest clouds array'd
Hark! in the breeze the gathering tempest sings;
How dear it murmurs in the rustling shade:

Loud, and more loud, is heard the bursting sound
Of thunder, and the peal of distant rain;
While lightnings, gliding o'er the wild profound,
Fire the broad bosom of the dashing main.

Now dies the voice of village mirth; no more
Is seen the friendly lantern's glimmering light
Safe in his cot, the shepherd bars his door
On thee, Eliza! and the storm of night.

In yon sequester'd grove, whose sullen shade
Sighs deeply to the blast, dost thou remain,
Still faithful to the spot, where he is laid,
For whom the tears of beauty flow in vain?

Ah, left alone beneath the dreadful gloom,
Companion of the tempest! left alone!
I see thee' sad-reclining o'er the tomb,
A pallid form, and wedded to the stone!

Ah! what avails it, Sorrow's gentlest child,
To wet the unfruitful urn with many a tear;
To call on Edward's name, with accents wild,
And bid his phantom from the grave appear?

No gliding spirits skim the dreary ground,
Dress the green turf, or animate the gloom,
No soft aerial music swells around,
Nor voice of sadness murmurs from the tomb.

Cold is the breast that glow'd with love, and pale
The cheek that, like the morning, blush'd before;
Mute are the lips that told the flattering tale,
And rayless is the eye that flattered more.

Deep, deep beneath the dark mysterious grave,
Thy tears he sees not, nor can hear thy sighs;
Deaf is thine Edward, as the Atlantic wave,
Cold as the blast that rends the polar skies.

Oh! turn, and seek some sheltering kind retreat;
Bleak howls the wind, and deadly is the dew:
No pitying star, to guide thy weary feet,
Breaks thro' the void of darkness on thy view.

Think on the dangers that attend thy way!
The gulf deep-yawning, and the treacherous flood;
The midnight ruffian, howling for his prey;
Fiend of despair, and darkness, grim with blood!

But, oh! if thoughts terrific fail to move,
Let Pity win thee back to thine abode;
Melt at a sister's tears, a mother's love,
Aw'd by the voice of Reason, and of God!

TO LAURA.

(Written in an Alcove)

WHILST, Laura, thus the balmy breeze we breathe,

Fraught with the sweets of many a flow'ret wild;
Fancy's fair hand shall weave the varied wreath,
To deck the brow of Virtue's lovely child.

Still to her precept lend a list'ning ear,
Nor suffer airy Pleasure's wanton wile
To lure thy steps with fascinating smile,
Where pale disease awaits the dread career.

When Time shall spread his rude despoiling hand,
O'er those bright cheeks where vernal roses bloom;

Supernal bliss will o'er thy mind expand,
And point to joys that live beyond the tomb.

PALEMON.

ALGERINE JUSTICE.

MAHOMET Effendi, Dey of Algiers, about the middle of the present century, was reckoned the most able and likewise the most equitable of those princes who have for many years governed the Algerines. His promotion to sovereign power was involuntary; for he, no doubt, dreaded the fate of his predecessors, of whom no less than 23 perished by violent deaths. He was compelled, nevertheless, by the Janissaries, to accept of a dignity, which, notwithstanding his justice and sagacity, proved as fatal to himself as to former princes; for he also, a short time after his advancement, fell by assassination. The following instance of his justice, in which, however, his procedure was somewhat summary, was also, and certainly with as much reason, accounted an instance of his sagacity—Slaves among the Algerines are permitted, either by shop-keeping or otherwise, and on paying their masters a certain sum, to earn a little money for themselves. This they

may employ, and very frequently do employ, in purchasing their freedom. A slave, named Almoollah, kept an oil-shop: and found his gains increase so very fast, that he soon accumulated seventy sequins amounting to about thirty pounds sterling. Other fifty sequins would have procured his freedom. Fearing, however, as he was reckoned wealthy, that he might be robbed, and have no redress, he gave his money in trust to a Moor, who lived in his neighbourhood, and in whose friendship, as well as integrity, he had the utmost confidence. His profits soon afterwards became so considerable, that he found himself in possession of the fifty sequins he so earnestly wished for. He thus anticipated, with secret rapture, his delivery from bondage, and return to his native land. Repairing therefore to his Moorish friend, he said to him, “How much behoden am I, worthy Hadgi, to your goodness, in having taken charge of my little-earnings! I now intend, as I have gained wherewithal to obtain my liberty, to make the best bargain I can with my master, and return to my friends and kindred. I will therefore relieve you of the charge you so kindly undertook.” Hadgi beheld him, or pretended to behold him, with a look of astonishment; he affected to believe him mad; and denied having any knowledge whatever of the transaction he alluded to. Almoollah nevertheless insisted preposterously on having the money restored to him; so that, after much altercation, the Moor apprehending that he could no other wise secure the possession of what he had unjustly retained, ran to the palace of Mahomet, whom he found administering justice; and sing his voice, intreated that he would punish slave for aspersing his “untainted character.” But Almoollah, conscious of his integrity, undauntedly followed him; and obtaining leave of the Dey, he told his story with circumstantial firmness, and then prostrated himself on the carpet at the foot of the throne,

Mahomet, having heard him, beckoned to Chiaoux, or minister of justice: “Go,” said he, “to the house of Hadgi; search it narrowly, and bring hither all the money you find in it.”

The Chiaoux bowed, obeyed, and soon after returned.

The Dey having then ordered a new earthen pot with clear water poured into it, and charcoal fire to be placed before him, he set the pot on the fire, and when the water began to boil he threw in the money. Soon after, having taken it out, and letting it stand till it cooled, he found on the surface a thick greasy scum. He convinced him that the money belonged to oil-man: he instantly restored it to him, and at the same time, gave a sign to the Chiaoux, dragging away the self-condemned and condemned Moor, fixed his head, without loss of time, on the wall of the city.

EPICRAM.

PAIR'D in wedlock, pair'd in life,
Husband, suited to thy wife:
Worthless thou, and worthless she;
Strange it is you can't agree!